THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

Against a Woman's Staying Home Too Much

TO HIS PATIENT WIFE

66 DETTY," said Mr. Peeved, sitting down and picking up his paper, "I was talking to Jones today about his wife. She seems to go around a good bit more than you do. Keeps up to date in every-Made me kind of feel that you were being tied down too much at home.

Mrs. Peeved sniffed.

"So honey," went on Mr. Peeved, nervously rattling the paper in his hand, "I just made up my mind you ought to go about a bit more. Don't you fret about me. I have a lot of work down at the office I could do evenings-if-if I didn't worry so about your being home alone."

Again Mrs. Peeved sniffed.

"Now there's Mrs. Harris," went on Mr. Peeved undaunted. "Why, you haven't been to her house in an age. Why don't you take a run up there tomorrow evening?"

"I saw her yesterday," said Mrs. Peeved.

"Well how about Nellie Martin? I haven't seen her around for a long time.

"I should say not-Cat," retorted Mrs. Peeved.

Then she looked up thoughtfully.

OME men are cowards till the bat-

paused a moment outside the hall door

for the march to begin, he as still the

agitated craven. But when he saw within the hall the scores of gorgeous

guests and realized that he was the

and savoir-faire flowed back into him;

chief figure in this pageant, his spirit

eading the grand march with Mrs. Hoffman in his most magnificent man-ner; and at the wedding supper, which

was served in an adjoining room, he beamingly responded to the calls for a speech with phrases and flourishes that even he had never before equaled.

At the end of the supper the party r-sumd dancing, and the Mayor had a chance to pause a moment beside David.

the floor. But David slipped away after the bride and groom. When he got home he found Kate Morran sitting by Rogers' side. He looked at her in constraint, and she at

tle starts, then they become heroes.

When the Mayor and his triumph-

ant bride, radiant, on his arm,

"Jane Terry is giving a bridge tomorrow night," she said. "I'd go if I had a decent waist to wear with my velvet suit."

"Well, get one, get one," said Mr. Peeved, "I'm no tightwad when it comes to you, petty. Go to the bridge and I-I'll finish up my work on the year's accounts."

Mrs. Peeved sniffed. "Will it keep you late?" she queried.

"Pretty late," admitted Mr. Peeved. "You see, petty, there's a lot of work. But if you're having a good time it will be all right. Women ought to go around a bit. Freshens 'em up. Keeps 'em from a rut. That's the way I feel about it."

Mrs. Peeved sewed silently for a moment, then said:

"John, you left the tickets for the theater tomorrow night in your other vest. I found them there today when I sewed a button on it."

To Him That Hath

By LEROY SCOTT

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CHAPTER XXXVII (Continued). | him-and it was a very uncomfortable

and savoir-faire flowed back into him; and when Prof. Bachmann's orchestra struck into the wedding march he stepped magnificently torward, throwing to right and left ruddy, benign smiles.

He bore himself grandly through the ceremony, he started the dancing by the started the started the dancing by the started the st

sumd dancing, and the Mayor had a chance to pause a moment beside David. He swept a huge, white-gloved hand gracefully about the room, and demanded in an exultant whisper:

"Didn't I tell you, friend, that this was goin' to be the swellest weddin that ever happened? Well, ain't it?"

"It undoubtedly is," agreed David. The Mayor tapped David's shirt front with his forefinger. "It certainly is the real thing, friend. Nothin' cheap-skate about this, let me tell you. Everything is just so. Why, did you notice, even the walters wore white gloves? Yes, sir—when I get married, it's done right!" He leaned to within a few confidential inches of David's ear. "And say—have you sized up Carrie? Ain't she simply it! Huh' she makes every other woman in this bunch look like a has-been!"

A little later, during a lull in the dancing, the Mayor and his bride, who had quietly withdrawn, suddenly appeared in the doorway of the hail, hatted and wrapped.

"Good-by!" boomed the Mayor's mighty voice. "Same luck to you all!"

Mrs. Hoffman's finger tips flung a kiss from he heard, was the only and been within a few confidential inches of David's ear. "And say—have seems to be Lillian Drew, judging run down by an express was the only one about her, I am sending yor this notice on the possibility that you may be an interested party.

The note was signed "James Barnes, house surgeon." David's first thought was that Morton's letters had been read and the secret had begun to come out! For a space he did not know whether this was a hope or a fear. On the way to the hospital it was of the glovy that would follow the disclosure, and not of the disaster, that he thought. He saw his name cleared, himself winning his way unhampered into honor, free to marry Helen—he saw a long stretch of happiness in work and love.

stairs in a flurry, into a waiting carriage, and were gone.

The dance continued till early workmen began to clatter through the greets—for in the supper room was a sufficient supply of cold meats and cake and punch and ices to gorge the guests for a week, and Professor Bachmann had been paid to keep his musicians going so long as a dancer remained on the floor. But David slipped away after by bride and groom.

When he got home he found Kate When he got home he found Kate When he got home he found Kate When sitting by Rogers' side. He

he started the dancing by Mr. Rogers needs me; he'll be lonely—he ee grand march with Mrs. ought to have some one to take care of

moment till Rogers announced:

David turned to his friend. There was

an excited glow in Rogers' dark eyes.

"She's going with me-to Colorado."

David stared at him and then at Kate, who nodded. "Oh! I see!" he said. Kate's features tightened, and she looked at him deflantly. "It isn't what

you think. I offered to marry him, but he wouldn't let me."

him. I know something about nursing. Why shouldn't I?"

David looked at her slight, rigidly erect figure, standing with one hand on the back of Roger's chair, and tried to

find words for the feelings that rushed up from his heart. But before he could

speak she said abruptly, "Good night," and, very pale, marched out of the

"She's going with me."

"What?" David asked.

LORETTA'S LOOKING-GLASS



SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE GIRL WHO MARRIES FOR MONEY.

NE look in the glass tells the her own sale with every form of lying sale you made a lying contract. That lying is the very head and front inspired him-and the inspiration had of your offending. GIRL WHO MAR- to be a very definite one, too-with the

RIED FOR MONEY. and his character or attractions, No one could ever make me believe made him think that you liked to go

story: You married for money, deception necessary to make the man You sold yourself. The mar- believe that she is marrying him for riage ceremony was just a part himself. Men are not fools, even if of the purchase price. To complete the women will insist on saying they are. You pretend to love him. Or you

idea that a closer acquaintance, a fuller But it was the climax of a series of knowledge, would make you love him. Oh yes, it was. You lied the You accepted his orchids and Ameririch man's fear of being married for can beauties in a way that made him his money into quiescence. No man lives think you appreciated the giver more whose dignity-vanity, if you will-will than the gift. You deliberately blinded permit him to marry a girl when he wim to your real interest, the anticipathinks she has no appreciation for him tion of appearing decorated with the rarest flowers the market affords. You you want still to be admitted to its

your charmsm a man conspicuous and desired because of his wealth. Oh, you were a consummate actress

You played your role to perfection. If you had not dulled your finer sensibilities, you would blush and shrink now as you face yourself in the glass. You would remember the series of lies by which you led up to the climax, the co lossal lie of your marriage. And you would see yourself the ignoble love libeler, the blaspheming marriage desecrator that you are!

Insulting you? It is not your own fault that truth is an insult to you? How dare you talk of insult? What have you done to your sex? You have insulted it. You have degraded it. You have made of the most sacred contrac a garment to cover the nakedness of your soul. You have sold yourselffor money, and dared to use the marriage ceremony to legitimatize your despicable sale.
You have desecrated the shrine, and

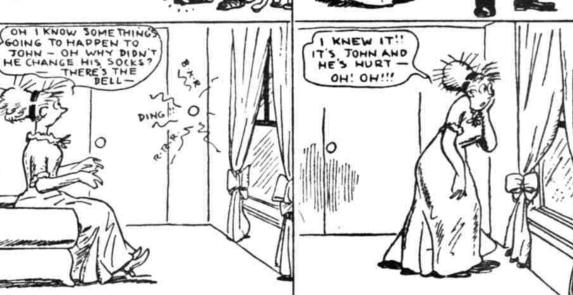
sacred privileges. Why, the woman who sells berself that a girl who marries solely for money out to dinner or to the opera because of without the marriage ceremony has not does not scheme and work and perfect your pleasure in his society. You care- your sin to her discredit.

Mrs. Worry

Feared Something Would Happen Drawn for The Times

BYC. A. VOIGHT







HE JUMPED UP OF THE WAGON down in appearance, with here and there a blind swinging loosely on one

there a blind swinging loosely on one hinge, and not a few windows from which the glass had been broken.

"This must be the slum district," said Snowball to himself, "and I suppose there may be some pretty tough characters round about here. I shail have to keep a sharper watch than usual to see that nothing is stolen from the wagon." While he was walking about the control of the wagon in the wagon. wagon." While he was walking about trying to watch both sides of the wagon at once he heard a faint "Meouw" from the ground, and going over to that side of the wagon from which the sound seemed to come, he saw the most disreputable little black kitten that he had ever seen. His little body was so small and poor that his head looked two sizes too large for him, and his eyes were all watery with tears as he looked up at Snowball and meouwed again.

"What's the matter, kitten?" said "What's the matter, kitten?" said

HENRY HENPEQUE IN A

Fix, Tells How He Fired the Cook During a

TROLLEY MONOLOGUE

66 CAY, Bilkins, that canned soup ad. up there reminds me of something. Do you happen to need a cook? Well, do you know anybody that does? I'm in a sort of fix, and I've simply got to find somebody that needs a cook before next Monday.

"I've discharged-sort of discharged-our cook. My wife told measked me to, because she caught her tasting the soup with her fingers or something-and it's up to me to do it. So I've-sort of discharged her.

"You know I hate a fuss. I'd rather have a boil on my neck than a fuss. So I asked my wife to fire her herself.

"'Lillian,' I said, 'you'd better discharge her. You're a woman and know what to say. You discharge her.'

"But she told-asked me to do it, and I did it at breakfast this morning, sort of. I went about it very carefully, for if there's anything I hate it's a fuss. And now I'm in a sort of fix. You're sure you don't know anybody that needs a cook?"

"Our cook's a great big woman; just the kind that loves to make a fuss, you know, and besides, I was perfectly satisfied with her myself. But Lillian-

"'Norah,' I said, 'I understand that Mrs. Henpeque is displeased with

"She didn't say anything. If she had only said something it might have been easier, but she just put one elbow on the table and stared at me. A great, big woman, she is.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I believe Mrs. Henpeque is quite displeased with you. I believe she saw you put your finger -I didn't finish that, though, come to think of it-I hate a fuss!

"'Norah," I said, 'the fact is, I wanted to raise your salary to \$7 a week, but Mrs. Henpeque wouldn't hear of it. So, rather than pay you less than you are worth, I've gone and got you another job at \$7 a week. It's to start next week.

'Here's F street. Are you sure, Bilkins, you don't know anybody that needs a cook?"

Sandman Stories

For Just Before Bedtime

SNOWBALL ADOPTS MIDNIGHT.

ELL." said Snowball, as we look- | Snowball; "why don't you go home. ly pretty bad weather. I think I had thing to eat; you look hungry?" better put on my sweater if I am going into the city with master this morning." And Snowball was right; it was bad "How's that?" said Snowball. "Looks weather, for, neither snowing or raining, it was doing a little of both, and to take care of one small kitten like everything was covered with a glare you everything was covered with a glare "Yes, there's plenty of houses," said of slippery, treacherous ice, and it was the kitten, "but they won't let me stay unusually cold. Kit and Pur looked ME LOOKED UP AT SNOWBALL with amazement when Snowball came out with the red collar of his sweater drawn as far as it would go up around his neck, completely covering his conlar and partly covering his face.

ing like this?" they asked as Snowbal started toward where the team was standing. "O yes," said Snowball. "I'n: standing. "O yes," said Snowball. "I'm no fireside cat like you and some of the old tabbies around here. When I have work to do I don't let a little ice and a little cold weather drive me under the stove," and, flirting his tall playing with him and how he had been under the stove, "and, flirting his tall playing with him and how he had been playing with him and I haven't had anything to eat for ever so long."

ball did not remember of having ever been before. The houses were tumble



ed out of doors, "this is certain- where it's nice and warm, and get some-"I am hungry," said the kitten, "but

I ain't got no home."

AND MEWED AGAIN

saucily, he jumped up on the seat of the wagon to wait for his master.

In town there were a number of long waits while goods were being bought or delivered, and one of the longest of them was in a part of the town where Snowball did not remember of having ever the longest of them was in a part of the town where Snowball did not remember of having ever the longest of them was in a part of the town where Snowball did not remember of having ever the longest of them while."

on the team Snowball stopped him and called his attention to the little kitten and told him the story he had just heard. His Master agreed with Snowball that something ought to be done and as it was about lunch time they agreed to take the kitten onto the wagon and carry him along to the place where Snowball got his usual saucer of milk When Snowball got his milk the little kitten got a saucer too, and he ate it as if he had never had anything so good before.

"Tastes pretty good, don't it?" said Snowball as he smoothed his moustache after he had finished. "Won't you have a little more," The Kittle said he would and finished another saucer almost as quickly as he had the first one.

While the kitten was drinking the second ancer. Snowball was over he the

second saucer Snowball was over in the corner talking with his master and as the kitten finished Snowball said to him: "I have decided to take you along with me to my home out in the country if you would like to go." The kitten was quick to say that he would

Tomorrow's story "Lazy Gray."

Minnie (Mrs. Amos) Makes Pete's Acquaintance

Drawn for The Times

By Sherman









